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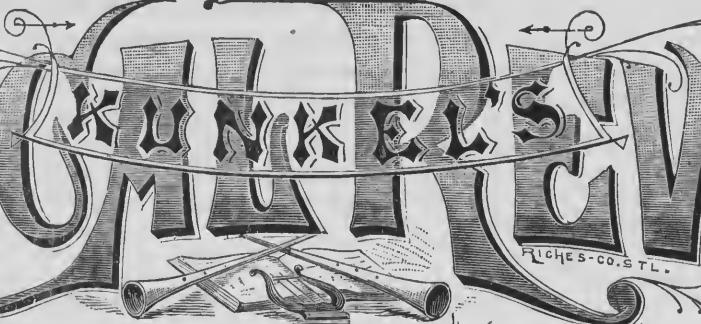
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DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.



RICHES CO. ST. L.

Vol. X.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 8.

THE WALTZ.

WO, gentle reader, do not skip! Patience! I do not intend to subject you to a moral homily on the physically and emotionally pernicious effects of the passion thrilled, wine-heated waltz, *a la* Byron; nor to a sentimental rhapsody on that ethereal, rosy-veiled mystery of subtlest ecstasy, that scarce materialized spirit of poetry and motion and music, the waltz of a young girl's first season out; nor even to a formal presentation to that decorous, kid-gloved, perfumed master of ceremonies, and grand master of match-making, so highly esteemed alike by the wily adventurer and the scheming mamma, the waltz of our fashionable watering-places.

I merely wish to offer a few words of apology and defence in behalf of the waltz as a musical composition, not only as a legitimate form of musical expression, but as the most capable, flexible, and inviting form of all the multifarious dance movements now or ever in vogue.

I will begin by admitting that the waltz of to-day is, for the most part, its own worst possible parody. I refer, not so much to the compositions generally heard, though many of them are wretched enough, as to the usual interpretations thereof, whether by the stammering delivery of our worst parlor amateurs, or in the concert hall with the noisy and voluble presentation of some of our best-known pianists.

The trouble arises chiefly, if not wholly, from the frantic speed attempted, or still worse, attained, which in its mad rush leaves taste, feeling, distinctness, even rhythm, breathless, far behind.

One is forcibly reminded of a delicate, finely dressed lady in the frenzied clutches of a rude and athletic railway porter, who is endeavoring against hope, and in spite of her resistance, to hustle her on board of an express train already in rapid motion.

In vain she holds back, remonstrating, fluttering, distressed; he drags her on relentlessly, and after a brief but agonized struggle, in the course of which both are in imminent danger of coming to grief, he lands her on the car platform, gasping and dishevelled, while the bystander turns away, exclaiming, "Thank heaven, it's over," with a smile or a shudder, according to temperament.

This same lady under proper conditions would have been graceful and refined, perhaps tenderly sympathetic, or grandly impassioned, certainly worthy and attractive.

Thus treated, she becomes ridiculous or pitiable; and precisely the same is true of one of the exquisite Chopin's waltzes, played at the so-called concert tempo."

Yet it is a singular and, to the writer, incomprehensible fact, that many of the best names among our leading virtuosi may be cited in support of the mania which treats all waltzes as pretos in three-fourths time.

The scholarly Cramer is said to have originated the *bon not*, "In my time we played *fort bien*, now they play *bien fort*," modified to suit present conditions, the idea might be expressed, we hoped that our players were fast becoming artists, but find that our artists are becoming fast players.

But, seriously, all dance forms, from the stately minuet and pompous gavotte, to the wild tarantelle and impetuous galop, have their characteristic moods and movements, as essential to their existence and as much a part of it, as the time in which they are written, or the fitness of their melodic construction.

A correct rendition, therefore, depends as largely upon a true comprehension and grasp of these, as on the ability to read correctly the time and notes of melody or accompaniment.

Who ever heard of a gavotte in six-eighths time, or a mazurka in two-fourths, or of one in which the right hand played in the major key, while the left remained in the minor? Yet either of these enormities would be not a whit worse, from an aesthetic stand-point, than an alteration of the tempo so radical as entirely to destroy the true character and effect.

Each dance form derives its distinguishing traits, as well as its name, from a certain distinctive dance, for which it is supposed to furnish the motive and movement; and it must be suited in accent, rate of speed, and general tone, to the peculiarities of that dance, else it is a failure, just as other characteristic pieces, such, for instance, as the funeral and wedding march, the quickstep, the barcarolle, etc., must fit the occasions which they are intended to serve or describe.

Of course there is and can be no exact standard or fixed precedent of tempo for any of them, least of all for the waltz, and a certain flexible freedom of treatment within given limits gives scope for individuality in composer and performer, as well as variety in compositions of the same class.

Thus we have the graceful and tender waltz, the slow and pathetic, the fiery and impassioned or the playful and piquant, each of which should receive its proper interpretation. Yet the above mentioned limits ought, nevertheless, to be strictly observed.

They should be drawn, it seems to me, by the possibilities, not to say the probabilities, of the bodily movement, as dancing, marching, etc., which forms the fundamental idea of each composition. It would, for instance, be absurd to play a funeral march at a tempo which would keep the whole mourning procession, bearers included, at a full run.

But really no more so than to render a waltz three times as fast as any mortal could dance without vertigo. It may be urged that the Chopin, Moszkowski, and other waltzes, generally used as solos, were not written for dance music, are therefore not amenable to its laws.

Very true, but they are none the less based upon the waltz mood and movement; if not strictly dance waltzes, they are fantasies on waltz themes, or tone pictures of waltz episodes, and their character as such must be retained, or they cease to have any.

Again, their melodic phrases and delicate embellishments, their rich, warm harmonies, with their frequent modulations and subtle interlacings, are all arranged so as to display their perfect proportions and produce their best effect, only at a certain rate of speed; much retarded, the connection and relation of the parts are lost, as in a poem when spelled out word for word by a child; greatly accelerated, they become a mere chaotic jargon of tones, having as little meaning and beauty as a landscape seen through a window of the lightning express.

In either case, the very spirit of the waltz, its thrilling, pulsating rhythm, its fascinating swing, is wholly missed.

All who have listened to the trained orchestra under the leadership of Johann Strauss, that master of ball-room music, will remember with pleasure how charmingly effective this rhythm may become in proper hands; will recall, too, with a sense of relieved surprise, what moderate tempi were given to the familiar strains of the "Blue Danube" and the "Thousand and One Nights," which we are accustomed to hear rattled off against time,

as if on a wager of life and death; and how the trite, trivial strains, infused with their creator's spirit, became little gems of art.

I would not be understood as claiming for this form of composition more importance than is its due; it is neither the greatest nor the grandest mode of musical expression, but it may be made one of the most graceful, pleasing, and poetic.

It may embody the most ethereal tenderness or stormy passion, the most profound melancholy, or sparkling, captivating gaiety; in a word, all that stirs the soul of writer or interpreter may speak through this elastic medium, if only this soul utterance, and not a mere exhibition of mechanical dexterity, be recognized and striven for as the highest end.

After all, the form is of comparatively slight importance; it is the thought, the sentiment, the life which it embodies that is the chief element in art; yet there is a certain fitness of forms to uses which the true artist recognizes instinctively.

Let us pride ourselves more on discrimination, and less on display; let us have more art, less technic; or if we must at times exhibit to the wondering crowd our velocity and strength, there are whirlwind polkas and *galops de bravura* in abundance; let us spare the waltz.—EDWARD B. PERRY.

WAGNER AND THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

REUND'S *Music and Drama*, in a recent issue, says: "Speaking of the king of Bavaria, few of our readers are probably aware of a great and invaluable service which Richard Wagner, through his powerful influence over the king, rendered to his country during one of the most perilous crises Germany has ever passed through in her history. The details of this strange but perfectly authenticated incident have just been made public by Mr. Abranyi, the general secretary of the Musical Academy of Buda-Pesth. They come in the form of an interview which he had a few years ago with Liszt, and relate to one of the most important circumstances connected with the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. During the exciting period which preceded that war, Napoleon placed great dependence upon Bavaria's hostility to Prussia. It was thought certain that King Ludwig would refuse to join his northern neighbor, and indeed not improbable that he would even ally himself with France. King Ludwig's attitude for some time justified this belief. But to the dismay of France and the delight and surprise of every German patriot, he suddenly changed front and went over to Prussia, taking with him the whole of Southern Germany."

In the interview referred to, Liszt explained to M. Abranyi how this change, which perhaps decided in advance the result of the war, was brought about. The Prussian Government, he said, was much concerned about Bavaria, the more so as none of its diplomats could make any impression upon King Ludwig. But knowing Richard Wagner's great influence over that erratic monarch and also his dislike of France, it finally appealed to him to act secretly in its behalf. This commission the composer undertook, and within twenty-four hours persuaded King Ludwig to become the ally of Prussia.

Thus it may be said that Wagner's music contributed in a great measure to the victory of Germany over France, the downfall of the Bonapartes and the reunion of the German Empire."

[If this be not a mere *canard*, it seems that the French, who have accused Wagner of hostility to them as a nation, were right, in spite of Wagner's protests to the contrary.—EDITOR.]

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MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF GENERAL EDUCATION.

F there be any one thing which more than another is characteristic of the nineteenth century, it is the sort of *egomania*, if we may be allowed the term, which seems to pervade all classes. Now and then, it is true, we still meet the *laudator temporis acti*, but even his praise of "the good old times" runs no further back than the days

"When he was a lad and served a term
As office boy to an attorney's firm"

or ran errands for his father's grocery store. The literature, the science, the arts of the ancients are unknown or forgotten, and to suggest that, notwithstanding the small number of their schools, they had in some respects more correct ideas of education than the moderns may seem to the flippancy of to-day, a ridiculous and untenable assertion. Yet, we venture to say that the ancients had a more correct appreciation of the proper place which music is entitled to occupy in a general education, than the moderns have had until quite recently. The ancients regarded music, so to speak, as the geometry, or rather the architecture of sounds, and placed it on a par with mathematics as a means of general education. In this they exhibited a knowledge of the constitution of the human mind and of the proper methods of symmetrically developing its faculties, which seems as a rule, to have been forgotten in this materialistic age.

Music is the language of the soul. As speech is the natural expression of thought, so is music the natural expression of feeling, and as, by the practice and analysis of speech, thought is not only manifested, but also developed, so also by the practice and analysis of music, feeling is not only manifested, but by that very manifestation increased and advanced. As compared with the sciences, music plays, or should play, largely the same role in an educational *curriculum*, as the study of literature; in other words it is or should be a powerful factor in the development of the æsthetical faculty. But the study of literature and rhetoric must necessarily be postponed to a time when the learner has made some considerable advancement, to a place in the curriculum of studies beyond that reached by the majority of those who attend schools. For the masses then, they are practically worthless as a means of æsthetical culture. It is not so with music. Its educational influence may and should begin with the mother's lullaby and need not cease until the last *requiem* is sung over the learner's grave—nor even then perhaps; for who knows but that the songs we begin on earth may be finished in nobler, grander strains in the land of rest beyond? It is not only the earliest available means of æsthetical

culture, it is also the only one which is always at hand, in darkness as in light, in sorrow as in joy, in poverty as in wealth, the most universal and the least expensive in its application.

Because music is a source of pleasure, it is too often treated merely as a means of amusement. The musician is thus brought down from his proper and honorable position as an educator to the doubtful one of a caterer to public amusement. From this has come the degeneracy of opera into operetta, of operetta into negro minstrelsy and "songs and dances." The school-room and the homes are the places where the vitiated tastes of the public should be corrected, and much can be done in that direction by the introduction of a simple but elevated, and hence elevating style of music. Simplicity is the first and greatest requisite of beauty. Simple things well said—that is true music, as it is true eloquence. The complication of many modern works may be very learned; it is certainly very tedious. And yet, what percentage of our musicians have ever realized that fact? Popular expressions often convey hidden truth and that of "performer on the piano," so suggestive of tight-rope dancing and trapeze acting, is certainly not inapt as applied to many if not most of our pianists whose study of music has been but the more or less successful, parrot-like attempt at learning to play some complicated medley of meaningless sound, decorated with a high sounding title. "Performers" with the voice are not lacking either—there are alas, more of them than there are of singers.

While it can not be denied that no amount of training will give genius, and make an artist of one devoid of "the divine afflatus" it is certain that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about aptitude for music. Thus we hear it said daily: "The Germans are naturally musical, the Americans are not; we can not hope to reach that excellence in music which the Germans have attained." As a matter of fact, the Germans are born musicians just as the inhabitants of Linn are born shoemakers, or they themselves sourkraut eaters—it is a question not of race or birth, but purely of early education. There is not a child that can learn to read, that can not, and with greater ease, be taught to sing, and there is not a school or a home in the land that does its whole duty in the education of the rising generation, if it fails to provide for them the best available opportunities for early musical training—and this, not from an artistic, but from a purely educational standpoint.

HURRAH!

ES, hurrah! Three cheers and a tiger! For what? For the "American College of Musicians!" Why? Because, as a result of another year's drumming, it has found eight more competent teachers of the piano and one competent organist—three of whom are pupils of Mr. Bowman—their impartial examiner! Hurrah for E. M. Bowman, who educates (and examines) one-third of the competent pianists and organists of the country, while the balance of his associates, twenty-one in number, can only bring out a paltry six, or on an average but little over one-fourth of one competent musician apiece! But, at that rate, it will take some hundreds of years for the country to be supplied with competent teachers—and in the meantime what are we all to do?

The "College" will find a valuable suggestion in another column, which we hope it will adopt. We must have more competent music teachers, and competency can be obtained in the form of a certificate from the "College" on wheels of which Mr. Bowman is the "honored president."

DEAD GIRL SONGS.

N examining, even cursorily, the songs which have been published in the United States during the last twenty years or more, one is astonished at the mortality which seems to have overtaken the lady-loves of American song-writers. Our music catalogues are full of dead girl songs, and still they come. Now, we do not object to singing about the girls—what better or sweeter could one sing about?—but we like them best alive. Of course, it is easier to write doggerel, that will seem poetical or at least sentimental, because, and only because, the subject is death and decay, than it would be to write true poetry upon almost any subject. Then, too, any musical idiot can get up some sort of hand-organ tune which, wedded to such words, will please the *oi polloi* better than good music. In the meantime, however, true musical art suffers, and the public taste is corrupted by those vapid effusions of milk-and-water poets and tapioca musicians. The English-speaking public has enough of these dead girl songs (defunct babies of both sexes likewise) to last at least a century. Song-writers who cannot handle other subjects, would certainly place the musical world under a lasting obligation to them by keeping henceforth and forever a golden silence.

Come, cart away your corpses!

THE M. T. N. A. MEETING.

E are gratified to be able to record the fact that the attendance of teachers of music at the recent meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association was reasonably large. It shows that there has been a considerable change since the time of the Cleveland meeting, when some forty members were all that could be counted as present in the flesh. Three things have conduced to this increase of interest in the work of this body. The musical press of the entire country joined us in our attacks upon the system of conducting the meetings as advertisements for certain pianos and persons, and Dr. Penfield, president two years ago, so managed that year's meeting as to reduce this objection to a minimum. His successor, Mr. Lavallée, followed in his footsteps, and forthwith added to his plan of campaign the encouragement of American composers. This tended to give the work of the Association a practical turn and to enlist national pride in its doings. Last, but not least, the organization of State Associations, first urged by us, has borne the fruits we predicted. There remain two things to be done to make the M. T. N. A. a respected body. The first is to sever all connection with the humbug "College of Musicians;" the other, to make it a representative body, by which we mean a body of representatives from the different State Associations. We have urged the latter move for the last six years, and, as the Association has gradually come around to all our other views, we have no doubt it will also adopt this. The question was mooted at the Indianapolis meeting, but not decided, being referred to a committee that is to report at the Chicago meeting next year, when it will regularly come up for discussion and, we trust, adoption.

E must repeat, for the benefit of both publishers and composers, what we have already stated in these columns—that we have made it a rule not to review sheet music. This rule is made necessary by the fact that by far the larger proportion of the music published in that form, in this country, is beneath criticism, and by the further fact that if we no-

ticed all the music sent (and we must notice all or none) our columns would be cumbered with matter which, after all, interests but few besides the composers and publishers of the pieces noticed. This rule we will break only in the case of compositions of rare merit. We hope publishers throughout the United States and Canada will bear this in mind, and if they look in vain for reviews of pieces they have sent us, will not imagine that they individually have been slighted. Works of real importance we shall always be happy to duly notice on receipt of two copies.

PT the late meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association, Mr. Charles W. Landon, of Claverack, N. Y., said the day had gone by when American music can be ignored. He proposed a house in every city where music approved by the Association could be had, and proposed a catalogue to be published quarterly and issued free to every member of the Association and to all State societies. This, he held, would induce publishers and composers to send their music for examination to the Association for official sanction. He submitted a resolution calling for the appointment of a board of judges to examine compositions of American composers. The resolution and accompanying suggestions were referred to a committee, Messrs. Landon, Eddy and Whitney, for consideration.

Mr. Landon's intentions are good, but we fear his suggestions are not practicable. The Association has among its members too many composers of "beautiful songs," such as "Sister Sal is chewing gum," so-called "anthems" and poor Sunday-school tunes, all of whom would expect to have their works indorsed and catalogued. The committee of critics would want to "hie them to a nunnery" by the end of the first half-year, and would be branded as ignoramuses, cut-throats, bribe-takers, etc., from Maine to California before they knew it. The life of a base-ball umpire would be one of peace and contentment in comparison to that of the members of the proposed board of examiners. Still, the experiment may be worth trying.

CHERE are many things in music that cannot be put upon paper. The composer may indicate every change of *tempo* by metronomic directions, and every change of power by dynamic signs; he may carefully show the phrasing of every period—and then the singer or player may follow to the letter every direction given, and yet give a performance that will be no better than that of a barrel-organ. There is a beauty in good music which lies deeper than the surface of the paper, the tips of the fingers or the vocal cords, which can be fathomed only by those who study its inner meaning and revealed only by those who have fathomed it, and which the most perfect technique alone will never bring out. No performance, whether vocal or instrumental, can rise beyond the veriest mediocrity unless the performer's soul-life is imparted to it and makes it living.

CT has frequently been noted that creators, whether in art or literature, are seldom satisfactory critics, and it has been assumed that their unfairness was due to petty jealousy of their competitors in the same field. This is evidently a mistake in the majority of cases. A *littérateur* or a composer is necessarily wedded to his own style, or to that of some particular school, and he must, of necessity, consider other styles inferior. Criticism has definite principles, but they can only assist the critic in forming an opinion in which his individual tastes and prejudices cannot help but enter.

DR. PARKER ON CHURCH MUSIC.

SR. PARKER concluded a series of lectures before the Yale Divinity students with a lecture on music, in which he spoke as follows:

It is the instinct of the awakened religious nature of man to sing unto the Lord. This musical instinct has been powerfully co-efficient in producing the best hymns of the ages. Many of these were written to be sung; many were suggested by popular melodies. The Christian life irresistibly manifests itself in ever new forms of sacred music. The fact is indisputable that congregational song in some degree or form has existed in every age of Christian history. In the Jewish church the musical services of the Temple were organized, established and supported on a scale of no little magnificence. An army of vocal and instrumental musicians served under David. Passing on to the New Testament, we find in the Apocalypse most glowing descriptions of musical praises in the New Jerusalem, and within the bounds of privilege drawn by the Apostle Paul all innumerable possibilities of sanctified musical art and genius find their place.

Little is known concerning the kinds of music in use during the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era. The chant was probably a more or less "melodious kind of pronunciation," which gradually developed into the Gregorian and later ecclesiastical modes. But undoubtedly in the Greek churches, as later in the Latin, rhythmic hymns were sung congregationally to pleasing melodies in which were the elements of harmony. The church has never been without her plain and popular song.

Previous to the Reformation there had grown up in the church a figured, florid music, disliked by all the English reformers, but especially distasteful to the Puritans. They denounced the prevalent type of church music as "a vain roaring, howling, whistling, murmuring, conjuring, juggling, organ-playing vanity." They discarded it and confined themselves to a low psalmody, sung with a nasal accompaniment. The effect of this Puritan unswindom was disastrous to the cultivation of music in England and her colonies, but in due time a revival of music came, with whose new and richer forms is associated a long list of honorable names, and whose influence is powerfully felt to-day in all English-speaking communities.

The two chief ends to be sought in the use of music are those of *expression* and *impression*. The first of these is generally recognized. Music is the common voice of praise or prayer, and hence must be to some extent congregational; yet it need not be wholly congregational. The music may speak for us in strains that far surpass our vocal powers or art, in which, nevertheless, we silently and thankfully recognize a far more complete expression of our feeling than any art of ours can frame.

As the chant is the most ancient and common form of musical expression, so is it the simplest and, for many purposes, the most effective. It is perfectly practicable and suitable for an easy musical rendition of those psalms and canticles which ought to be restored to our public worship. There is a great variety of excellent English chants; and with a few of these in practice the ordinary parish choir is well furnished for the production of those ancient compositions. In no other way can the Psalter be restored to its place of honor in public worship. The other principal expressive form of sacred music is the metrical hymn, which, being a vehicle for common praise, should almost without exception be sung congregationally. The tunes must be simple and melodious—the compositions of those who know the art of music, and are competent to write grammatically. One turns with an unspeakable sense of relief from the vapid, sickly-sweet, schoolboy exercises, in harmony with which our hymnals are dropsical, to the manly, breezy strains of "St. Ann's," to some of the strong and beautiful tunes of Dykes, or Stainer, Hopkins, and others of the modern English school.

But music is of use, also, for the end of impression. In sacred music the Divine Spirit may speak most effectually to men's hearts, melting coldness and conveying truth, preparing and feeding devotion. As a strenuous advocate of congregational singing, I still crave the blessed privilege of being sung to. I never listened to a more impressive sermon than when I heard Parepa sing, from the "Messiah," "Come unto him, all ye that labor." Nor are such experiences infrequent. Often under the influence of a noble anthem the sanctuary seems to be transformed, the New Jerusalem descends from God out of heaven, and we hear the notes of earth blended with the nobler songs of heaven. Choir and quartette music may be greatly

abused, but it is the part of wisdom to correct, rather than do away with, an agency that has such a power of ministration.

It is obviously true that sacred music must depend for its effectiveness chiefly on the organist and choir-leader and the minister, but it ought to depend principally on the minister. There are no two ends of a church to be run independently. There can be no question of the fact that the low condition of church music in America is largely, perhaps chiefly, attributable to the inexperience and ignorance of American clergymen in respect to it. Dismissing incidental questions, let me speak of the importance of somehow securing in each public service of worship a congruity, harmony and unity of its various exercises, so that all that is said or sung or done may constitute a symmetrical whole, producing a single unmistakable effect. This is what makes the Episcopal service so attractive; and, by the co-operation of a minister with some liturgical feeling and culture and a right-minded organist, the same result can be reached in our churches. It not infrequently happens that a well-selected and well-trained choir keeps a sensitive minister in continual distress, and his congregation in inexplicable dissatisfaction, simply because minister and choir are putting in all their fine work in absolute isolation from each other. In another church, where the music is artistically inferior, all the parts of the service move on together in delightful, restful and helpful flow, attracting and edifying, not by song or sermon, but by the entire service, so congruous and harmonious is it in all its parts.

THE COUNTRY MUSIC TEACHER.

CHOST of the delegates at the Illinois Music Teachers' Convention, says the *Chicago Herald*, were Chicago men, who are up to snuff, musically speaking, and who, when the wind is southerly, know a Wagner vorspiel from a xylophone scherzo, but there were—and it is said advisedly—there were those in that convention who, no matter what the direction of the wind, could not tell an etude for the cuckoo whistle from a Wagner leit motif; indeed, they were inclined to make light of all Wagnerian motifs. Nay, it may be said that some of the rural professors could not tell the difference between "White Wings" and Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," or between "Peek-a-boo" and Wagner's "Götterdämmerung." Some of these country teachers displayed a vast amount of ignorance on a large variety of subjects. One delegate from McLean County knew nothing of Verdi, except as a manufacturer of verdigris, and another recognized Scarlatti only as the inventor of the popular musical instrument known as the scarlatura. The typical country music teacher is tall and raw-boned. He has nothing in common with his dapper *confrère* of the metropolis. His hair is usually long and of a sandy hue, unless it has grown gray in the service of bucolic art. He has not a prosperous look, but he has a wealth of hands and feet that attests the liberality of bounteous nature. His voice is twangy, and he never hears a sound from the human voice that he can resist the temptation to hand out a tuning-fork and compare notes. It is this sort of pedagogue who infests the rural localities and "eggs" on the youth of our fair land to go about seeking whom they may afflict with "The Maiden's Prayer" and "The Battle of Prague." In his own district the country music teacher is a big gun, but when he comes to a Chicago convention and opens the safety valve of his ignorance his reputation for erudition suffers a severe shock. When he opens his mouth to speak out in meeting the ghost of Lindley Murray heaves a mournful sigh and turns away to shed a tear of pity. He says "I would have went," "We ain't got none," "Me and him done it," and—there is no grammatical health in him. Sometimes he knows a little about music, but generally his acme of musical greatness, his "Ultima Thule" of art is the time-honored cantata, "Esther, the Beautiful Queen," which he directs with gusto. There have not been many of the typical country music teacher at the convention, but there have been a few of him, and he has made his presence felt.

THE Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), of this city, have just given to George Jardine & Son, of New York, the contract to build a large organ, of 50 stops and combinations, containing all the latest improvements and new stops, lately introduced by the Jardines from Europe. The unusual number of 16-ft stops in this organ will give it a grandeur of tone equal to the cathedral organs of Europe, and the mechanical facilities will give the organist every control over the resources of tonal effects while playing. The value of the organ will be \$8,000, and it is to be finished for Easter Sunday.

OUR NATIONAL SONGS.

ANOTHER "Glorious Fourth" has just been celebrated. Our lungs are still full of the sulphurous fumes of its pyrotechnics, and our ears still ring with the echoes of "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "America," the five American patriotic songs which may lay claim to being "national," and which, for that reason, have formed the staple of the repertory of all our brass and other bands upon the national holiday. This may not be an inappropriate time, therefore, to chat with our readers about the history of these songs.

"Yankee Doodle" is the first in point of time, and its very title has given rise to no little discussion. Some philologists have derived the term "Yankee" from the Indians, claiming it as the Indian mispronunciation of "English." Others pretend it is of Netherland origin. One of these says: "The Dutch verb *yankee* means to snarl, wrangle, and the noun *yankee* (howling cur) is, perhaps, the most expressive term of contempt in the whole language. Out of the acrimonious struggle between Connecticut and New Amsterdam came the nick-name which has stuck to the Puritans ever since." This seems like a reasonable explanation of the term; but Commodore Preble, in his book upon the flag of the United States, states that the term was applied in derision to Cromwell in a song written by a certain Dr. Rimbault, of London. According to the latter authority, the words of the American "Yankee Doodle," written by Dr. Schacksburg (or Shutberg), are only a paraphrase of those of the older song. Schacksburg's words were originally intended to deride the American recruits who joined the British Army at Albany for the French and Indian campaigns; later, they were applied to the Revolutionary troops. The British fleet sailed into Boston harbor with the military bands playing "Yankee Doodle" in derision. At Concord and Lexington, the advancing Britons marched to the tune of "God Save the King." The victorious Revolutionists remembered the harbor incident, and furnished the tune to which the red-coats retreated—that was "Yankee Doodle." From that time on, "Yankee Doodle," grotesque in words and melody, became, by adoption, the earliest of our national songs. The melody antedates the words. It was known and popular in England at least as early as 1730, under the name of "Fisher's Jig," but it is much older than that, and undoubtedly of Spanish or Basque origin; probably the latter. The writer has repeatedly heard the tune in France played by Basque bear-tamers to the tame bears, who pranced to its lively measures. These men knew nothing of its origin; save that it was a jig which everybody knew in the Pyrenees. The dance of the British lion to this melody at Lexington, Concord, Saratoga and Yorktown may not have been as graceful as that of the Pyrenean bears, but it was quite as lively and more interesting.

"Hail Columbia!" The melody of "Hail Columbia" antedates the words, and was originally known under the title of "The President's March." Its authorship is claimed for two composers, both German. Some authorities say it was composed by one Feyles, leader of the orchestra at the Jones Street theatre, New York, who is said to have played it for the first time on the evening of November 24, 1789, on the occasion of Washington's visit to the theatre to see the first American play ever written ("The Contrast") performed. According to others, Feyles (Pfeil?) performed the work with orchestra upon this occasion, but the composition was that of Philip Roth, a music teacher in the city of Brotherly Love. Whether the author was Roth or not, the tune is certainly rot. It is hard to imagine a melody more entirely devoid of merit of any sort than this, which Bandmaster Sousa, of the Marine Band, Washington, has recently sent to France, at the request of ex-Minister Boulanger for a copy of the American national hymn for the use of the French military bands, as the American national air. As a matter of fact, this is the only one of our five "national airs" written upon American soil and that may have influenced the action of Mr. Sousa, which, upon any other hypothesis, is inexplicable as that of a musician familiar with the far superior "Star-Spangled Banner," of which we will presently speak. Before doing so, however, it will be proper to explain how the "President's March" became "Hail Columbia." During the earlier years of the French revolution, the inhabitants of the United States were enthusiastic partisans of the French popular cause. About this time a Philadelphia theatrical manager revived Addison's tragedy of "Cato." Before the

play began, the entire company of actors ranged themselves in a semi-circle and struck up the then new national hymn of France, the soul-stirring "Marseillaise." The audience, wild with excitement, sprang to its feet and joined in the chorus. At the end of every act the auditors, mindless of the anachronism of the situation, demanded and redemanded "La Marseillaise" and joined in the chorus. The following night and every night thereafter, for not less than three years, as soon as the orchestra took their places "La Marseillaise" was demanded and played. But in 1798, as all readers of history will remember, a misunderstanding arose between the United States and France, which, for a time, seemed to have no possible issue but war. Instead of the "Marseillaise," a portion of the audience called for "Yankee Doodle," "The President's March" and "Stony Point." While the factions wrangled the benefit night of a favorite actor, Fox by name, approached. He saw that, with politics at a red heat, his only chance of getting a paying house would be to turn the public excitement to account. The benefit was to occur on a Monday, and on the previous Saturday Fox called upon Joseph Hopkinson, who had been his school-fellow and had become a man of note in the intellectual circles of Philadelphia, being vice-president of the American Philosophical society, which had been founded by Franklin and presided over by Jefferson, and president of the Academy of Fine Arts. Hopkinson had, besides, some local reputation as a poet. Fox told him that he believed the success of his benefit depended upon his having something new and striking in the way of a patriotic song, that could be sung by the entire company to some easy and familiar tune like "The President's March," and asked him to write such a song. Mr. Hopkinson promised to do what he could, and when Fox called the next afternoon the words, such as we know them, were ready for him. The benefit was then postponed to the following Wednesday, April 25. The Philadelphia *Gazette* had, in the meantime, announced that the performance would "comprise a comedy called 'The Italian Monk,' the comic opera 'Rosini,' 'More Luck,' an epilogue on the character of Sir John Falstaff, and an entire new song (written by a citizen of Philadelphia) to the tune of the 'President's March,' which will be sung by Mr. Fox, accompanied by the full band and a grand chorus:

'Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying 'round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.'

Long before the curtain rose, so runs the chronicle of the time, the house was filled to overflowing, hundreds being entirely unable to gain admission. Those who had got in impatiently waited for the end of the comedy. Fox appeared upon the stage. Every line was applauded to the echo, and the whole house joined in the choruses. The words of the song were printed in full in the next day's papers, and from that time on it took the place of the "Marseillaise," and was sung in all places of amusement until about the year 1840, when the custom was abandoned. Hopkinson died in Philadelphia in 1842, aged about 72 years. We have already spoken of the music, the words are but little better—indeed, from a literary standpoint, they are but one remove from doggerel, but they struck a popular chord at just the opportune time, and have since continued to live because of their historical associations.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is, as we have already hinted, by far the most meritorious of our patriotic songs. Its words have the true poetic ring. As our readers probably know, they were written by Francis Scott Key, a native of Maryland, while he was detained on board the English cartel ship, Minden, at the bombardment by the British fleet of Fort McHenry in Baltimore harbor, September 13, 1814. Throughout the night he watched anxiously to see if the flag was still floating.

"And the rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

The song was first printed in the Baltimore *American*, eight days after the battle, under the title of "Defence of Fort McHenry." The identical banner which Key watched "through the perilous fight" was a silken flag made by Mrs. Margaret Sander-son, then a girl of seventeen summers, who died in the winter of 1882 at the ripe old age of 85. The melody of the "Star-Spangled Banner" is that of an old French song. It was first imported into England, where it did duty as the tune of a drinking song, entitled "Ode to Anacreon in Heaven," and from there was brought hither. It is an excellent melody, full of life and vigor, but it is open to the same objection as the "Marseillaise"—its range is rather too great for the limited compass of the average voice.

"America!" The words of "America" were written at Andover, Mass., in February, 1832, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, then a student, and was first sung at a Fourth of July celebration in Boston in 1835. The melody is that of the English "God Save the Queen," and is generally ascribed to Handel, although some antiquarians claim that Handel stole it bodily from an older French hymn to the Virgin. The best answer to this charge would probably be that it was hardly worth stealing. It has, however, the merit of simplicity, and is fairly melodious within a limited compass.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" is usually ascribed to Thomas à Becket, an English actor and singer resident in Philadelphia, and is said to have been written in the autumn of 1843. It is a mere adaptation, both words and music, of "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean." The term, "gem of the ocean," as applied to the United States, is ridiculous. The idea is borrowed from Shakespeare, who puts into the mouth of John of Gaunt these words:

"this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea."

This is a beautiful and appropriate figure in reference to an island, like Great Britain, but quite inappropriate when applied to a country of such extent as ours and "set" quite as much in land as in sea.

Numerous attempts have been made to create other American "national" songs, but none of them have been successful. "God Save Our President," by Francis de Haes Janvier, had a short-lived popularity as an inaugural tribute to "Old Abe." "The Flag of Our Union," by Gen. Geo. R. Morris, author of "Woodman, Spare that Tree," which was first published in 1851, was not a bad composition, but is, to all intents and purposes, forgotten. P. S. Gilmore's "Columbia" is a flat failure in all respects—so have been hundreds, if not thousands, of similar attempts made before and since.

The fact is that national songs cannot be written to order. They are the expression of national spirit, called forth by some occasion which serves both as an inspiration to the composer and as an introduction of the composition to the public. A new national song in these days of political quiet would have but little chance of getting a hearing, no matter what its musical and literary merits might be. The probability is, therefore, very strong that it will be many years before the list of our truly national songs will be increased by the addition of a single number.—I. D. F. in *Missouri Republican*.

A SUGGESTION TO THE "AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS."

THE "College of Musicians" is in a bad way. It can not get candidates enough for degrees to make a respectable showing and, to make matters worse, its candidates fail to pass. The following anecdote, from *Harper's Weekly*, will doubtless show the examiners how to proceed next year. We hope they will adopt the plan for it is "too bad" to have to do without competent music teachers—and, of course, none are competent without one of the degrees of the peripatetic "college."

A professor in a certain musical college once told me of a pupil who attended his lectures—a young woman from some remote place like Seattle or Los Angeles, who attracted his attention by her extreme devotion to her work, her regularity—in fact, by all that goes to make a pupil solid with the faculty. Moreover, she was beautiful as the day, with large and statuesque beauty, as of a strong, full nature, serene, calm and undisturbed. But alas! when examinations came and papers were handed in hers was found to be simply impossible. It was evident that behind that Juno-like brow there were no brains. In fact, such a paper was never seen before; even the spelling was ludicrous, while grammar and music were equally injured and outraged in every line. Tears could not move my stern friend, and his report was—"not passed."

But it was intimated to him that there were reasons why it was absolutely essential that the pupil should graduate, while her knowledge might be acquired afterward. Accordingly she applied for a re-examination, and the questions were then something like this: 1. Is not the symphony the highest form of purely musical expression? 2. Was not Berlioz remarkable for his mastery of ingenious orchestral effects? 3. Is not Bach called the father of modern music? "And to my astonishment and gratification," said the professor gravely, "to every one of these puzzling questions she answered with great perspicacity, 'yes,' and passed triumphantly—average mark in my class, 100 per cent."

FEATHERED TIPPERS.

Tis the "pure juice of the grape" that has so great an attraction for these feathered robbers of the vineyard. Not satisfied with the fresh fruit, however, the rogues have helped themselves to that which has already begun to ferment, and as a result they are evidently tipsy—half garrulous, half sleepy. It is very wrong, very immoral, and we would read the birds a lecture and tell them to follow in our footsteps and drink nothing so strong, if we thought it could do any good; but they would, if they knew what we meant, doubtless reply with a song, which, could we understand it, would be something in the nature of the French poet, Armand Gouffé's "Praise of Water," which we append, not as reflecting our views, but as an interesting and ingenious bit of literature:

PRAISE OF WATER.

At last, at last it rains,
The vine which was a-thirst
Its strength once more re-gains,
By heavenly bountiful nursed
So let your glasses clink
To water,—gift divine!
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

Through water, friends, 'tis
true
The Deluge once we had;
But, thanks to Heaven, there
grew
The good beside the bad.
Our grave historians think
The Flood produced the
vine:
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

How great is my delight,
When, with their precious
store,
The vessels are in sight,
Before my very door;
And on the river's brink
Land juice from every vine!
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

In weather fine and dry
The miller drinks his fill
Of water, with a sigh;—
His mill is standing still.
When water flows, I think.
No longer he'll repine;
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Another instance yet,
Good comrades, I can show:
See into yon *guinguette*
The water-carrier go.
His eyes begin to blink,
His troubles to decline:
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Of water while I sing,
I'm thirsty with my task:
Be kind enough to bring
A bumper from the cask.
Your glasses bravely clink,
Repeat this strain of mine—
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

MOZART.

MUSICIAN has more successfully embraced the whole extent of his art, or shone with greater lustre in all its departments than Mozart. His great operas, no less than his most simple songs; his learned symphonies as well as his airy dances, all bear the stamp of the richest imagination, the deepest sensibility, and the purest taste.

All his works develop the originality of his genius, and rank him with the small number of

men of genius who form an epoch in their art. At six years of age, Mozart had made such progress in music, as to be able to compose short pieces for the harpsichord, which his father was obliged to commit to paper for him.

His father, who was a musician of some eminence, returning home one day with a stranger, found

skilled in the management of the pen, had dipped it too freely in the ink. He had blotted and smeared his paper, and had endeavored to make out his ideas with his fingers.

On a closer observation, his father was lost in wonder, and his eyes, delighted and overflowing with tears, became riveted on the notes.

"See," exclaimed he to the stranger, "how just and regular it all is! but it is impossible to play it; it is too difficult."

"It is a concerto," said the child, "and must be practiced till one can play it; hear how this part goes."

He then sat down to perform it; but was not able to execute the passages with sufficient fluency to do justice to his own ideas.

When Mozart, at that age, made his first musical tour through Germany, the Elector of Bavaria, by way of encouraging the boy, told him that he had nothing to fear from his *august presence*. "Oh," said the child, with great smartness, "I have played before the empress." Her Majesty was the first who took notice of his extraordinary talents, and used to place him upon her knees.

Two years afterwards Mozart visited England, and published at London some sonatas for the harpsichord, which he dedicated to the queen, subscribing himself, "Très humble et très obéissant petit serviteur."

MUSICAL PRECOCITY.

MOT long ago, the first prize at the Paris Conservatory of Music was won by a girl named Renié, who is ten years old, and was so small that the pedals of the piano had to be raised in order that she might be able to reach them. Juliette Bone is the name of an eight-year-old artist who has won the first piano prize in a competition at Namur, Belgium. In several German cities, Joseph Hoffman, of Warsaw, has given a very successful series of concerts; he is nine years old, and has performed several strong compositions of his own

in his concerts. Henry Varteau, of Rheims, not yet eleven years old, has been making a brilliant concert tour along the Rhine. The Hagel sisters have given concerts in the German cities of Bamberg, Erfurth and Nordhausen. The youngest of these sisters, six years old, plays the violin; the second, seven years old, is a performer of talent on the 'cello; and the eldest, eight years old, plays the piano.—*Boston Transcript*.



FEATHERED TIPPERS.

little Mozart with a pen in his hand.

"What are you writing?" said he.

"A concerto for the harpsichord," replied the child.

"Let us see it," rejoined the father; "it is, no doubt, a marvelous concerto."

He then took the paper, and saw nothing, at first, but a mass of notes mingled with blots of ink, by the awkwardness of the young composer, who, un-

MR. ZECKWER REPLIES.

Editor Kunkel's Musical Review:

DEAR SIR—In your paper for the month of July, I find an article headed "Bachmann across Zeckwer," and I hope that you will grant me a space in your paper to answer the objections that Mr. Bachmann and you have against my fingering of the scales.

Mr. Bachmann thinks that my fingering of the scales is unnatural; that if one commences C scale with the little finger in the left hand and comes to G with the thumb, that the 3d finger should be turned over to again reach C. Why should that be natural? Piano-playing is not natural—it is an art invented by human brains. If our fingering of the scales was natural, why did we not play the scales in that way since the first keyboard instrument was invented? If Mr. Bachmann were a little more versed in the history of fingering, he would know that the fingering of the scales has undergone a great many changes, and that the fingering which is generally used now was not in existence before Bach's time. Before Bach, the fingering of the C scale in the right hand was as follows:

c d e f g a b c
2 3 2 3 2 3 4 2

Our great Bach had the audacity to introduce the thumb in scale playing.

Mr. Bachmann says that my fingering tends to positive injury to those who adopt it. Now, Mr. B., I have taught this method since 1874, and would like you to point out one case in which this fingering has injured a person.

To your two objections, Mr. Editor, I would say this: You seemed to be much worried over my step-motherly treatment of the little finger of the left hand. If you consider a moment, that in the ordinary method in all the 12 major scales the little finger of the left hand is used only in starting and finishing a scale in only five scales out of the 12 major and 6 in the minor scales, then it is after all not so badly treated to leave it out altogether. Have we no other exercises to develop the little finger of the left hand than scales?

Your second objection is, that "in some cases it leads to a very cramped position of the fingers." Now, I must confess I do not see any difference in the position of the hand, nor are different muscles used in the two ways, whether you play the C scale:

c d e f g a b c
1 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 new fingering,
or 1 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 old fingering.

The only difference is, that I turn over the third finger first and then the fourth, while the old way has the fourth and afterwards the third finger.

"Who ever heard of such fingering?" ejaculates Mr. Bachmann; "a professor of forty years' standing says he never saw anything like it." Certainly not, otherwise it would not be new. It is hardly expected that any person who has taught the old system for forty years would change the fingering. He is too much of an old fogey. That is better left to the younger generation.

Last year I was asked by Mr. Presser to write an article on these scales for the *Etude*. In a foot note, I promised whomever was interested in the fingering a copy of the scales. I had a great many requests, and heard afterwards that many adopted this system with great success. The teachers in the Primary Department of my Academy tell me it takes only one-fourth the time to teach the children the scales now that it used to in the old way. If we can teach the scales by a method that shortens the time and facilitates the acquiring of them, it certainly has some merit.

Very respectfully, RICH. ZECKWER.

[In fairness to Mr. Zeckwer, we publish the above, but it seems to us that it is something of a *non sequitur* that because Bach did a good thing in adding one finger to the playing force of the hand, therefore Mr. Zeckwer does a good thing by taking away another finger from that force. Mr. Zeckwer totally fails to answer our principal objection to his system, contained in our statement that scales are a means and not an end, and that the end of scale-playing (technical facility) is not subserved by Mr. Zeckwer's method. Of course he is not so foolish as to really suppose that Mr. Bachmann or any one else who knows anything about music is ignorant of the change introduced by Bach.

Mr. Zeckwer quibbles on a word when he says that piano playing is not natural and that therefore one fingering is no more natural than another. In the sense of coming by nature, Mr. Zeckwer is quite correct. In the sense of consonant with or

best adapted by nature, he is quite incorrect, and it was in that sense that Mr. Bachmann used the word, as Mr. Zeckwer surely knows. It is not more natural in the former sense for a man to write with his hands than with his feet, for writing is an artificial thing, but it is far more natural so to do, in the latter sense, because the greater freedom and pliability of the fingers and the possibility of opposing the thumb to them make them much better means to accomplish the end intended than the toes could possibly be.

We have no doubt the teachers in the primary department of Mr. Zeckwer's Academy have stated to Mr. Zeckwer that they could teach the scales to young children in one-fourth of the time they used to under the regular system. If Mr. Zeckwer were to tell those same teachers that to walk on one's hands was a far more original, graceful and rapid method of locomotion than walking on one's feet, we have no doubt they would very soon swear, in Mr. Zeckwer's presence, that such was the fact. It is a question of bread and butter with them to agree (to his face) with the principal. As to the cramped position necessitated by Mr. Zeckwer's fingering of the scales, it seems to us that Mr. Zeckwer, in selecting as his illustration, to combat our view, the one scale in which the fingering is almost indifferent (all white keys), shows that he himself sees the force of our objection. If, instead of the scale in the key of C, you take any scale in which black and white keys are mixed, you will see the force of our objection. Take as an illustration the scale in the key of A flat major, and see how the fourth finger (of the left hand) must be shortened and cramped out of position to cross it over to G. The same is true of G, D, E, in fact, more or less of all the scales, except that of C. It would take drawings (which the importance of the subject does not warrant) to make this plain on paper, but if our readers will try it, they will see just what we mean. Ninety-nine percent, at least, of piano students never learn to play the piano properly—for them Mr. Zeckwer's (or any other) system is good enough, and that is the best that can be said of it.—EDITOR.]

THE DETROIT "ARIONS."

ONE of the most pleasing features of the Music Teachers' State Convention, held at Jackson, Mich., June 30th and July 1st, was the concert given by the Arion Quartette of Detroit.

Although composed wholly of solo voices, the blending is by no means sacrificed thereby, the combined voices being like one to such an extent that to tell which voice stands out at times, as the music requires, is almost impossible. They have had careful training and schooling, to the end that individualities shall be entirely eliminated. The first tenor, Mr. Louis P. DeSale, has a full, clear and remarkably high voice which sustains this, the hardest position in a male quartette, with ease and entire freedom from false tones.

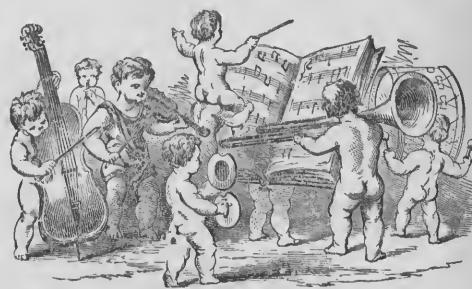
The second tenor is Mr. Charles V. Slocum, a singer of more than local reputation as a soloist. His voice is not high but is clear and sweet and has carried him successfully through many oratorio and concert engagements.

The baritone while possessed of a clear, even and telling voice would be at once better known to newspaper readers as the business manager of the *Detroit Free Press*, for such in reality is Mr. Fred Fayram, the handsome barytone, dashing yachtsman and wide awake newspaper man.

Mr. Arthur Beresford, the basso of the Arions, shows his English origin in his speech as well as in his name, but though he believes that "Britannia rules the wave" he is still an acquisition that any quartette may feel proud of. Educated as a choir boy from his youth, and later on solo singer in the York (Eng.) Cathedral, an audience however critical has no terrors for him, and his voice rolls out like the pedal notes of an organ.

The director of this truly meritorious organization is not the world renowned Thomas, but a lady of merit and experience. Mrs. Nellie Herrington Brush has directed operas, choruses and orchestras, is an accomplished and ready accompanist, a successful vocal teacher and a contralto singer of no mean ability. With such a leader who could fail to succeed? Certainly not the gentlemen of the Arion Quartette, who have made rapid strides under her direction, and who are not ashamed to let it be known that their success is due to a woman.

The Arions are made up of the material to succeed, and with Mrs. Brush to direct and encourage them there can be no such thing as "fail." S.



OUR MUSIC.

"FANTAISIE-IMPROMPTU," Chopin.

This composition needs no introduction to the world since, it is in the repertory of every pianist of any note—and of many who have but little knowledge of notes. This is one of the Polish piano-poet's last inspirations and is certainly one of his best. It is probably the *chef-d'œuvre* of the world in the way of *impromptus* for the piano. The excellence of this edition will be seen at a glance by those who are capable of appreciating first-class work and workmanship.

"LA HARPE EOLIENNE," Krueger.

The author of this romantic composition had evidently listened many a night to the sound of some actual Aeolian harp. Of course, his composition is more formal than any which the fingers of the wind have ever created, but its melody and its harmonies strongly remind one of those made by the unseen spirits of the air.

"SCHERZO IN G," Haydn.

Our publishers have received so many commendations of the short Haydn selections published in former issues of the *Musical Review* that they have decided to delight their readers by the publication of another number of the set. While this composition is intended for younger players, yet the more advanced will find it profitable to practice it, since, although its technical requirements are not great, it gives scope for study in interpretation.

"THOU'RT ALL TO ME," Kroeger.

The words of this song are by Miss Gilmore, daughter of the celebrated bandmaster. Mr. Kroeger has finely grasped their full meaning and has given them a most beautiful setting.

"GYPSY QUEEN," (Gavotte Caprice) Van Gerhart.

This composition introduces a new name to the musical public. Mr. Van Gerhart is a young man yet and if this composition is a fair specimen of what he can do, he bids fair to attain an honorable position among the writers of *salon* music—or brilliant, elegant and refined sort.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"THOU'RT ALL TO ME," Kroeger,	50
"GYPSY QUEEN," (Gavotte Caprice) Van Gerhart,	60
"SCHERZO IN G," Haydn,	25
"LA HARPE EOLIENNE," Krueger,	60
"FANTAISIE-IMPROMPTU," Chopin,	75

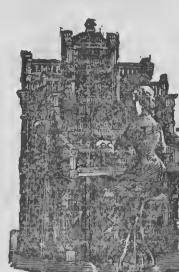
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FANTAISIE - IMPROMPTU.

Oeuvre posthume. Vers 1834 (Op. 66.)

F. Chopin.

Allegro agitato. $\text{♩} = 84.$

Sheet music for 'Fantaisie - Impromptu' by Frédéric Chopin, Op. 66. The music is for piano and is divided into five systems. The key signature is A major (three sharps). The tempo is Allegro agitato (♩ = 84). The music features dynamic markings such as *f* (fortissimo), *dim.* (diminuendo), *p* (pianissimo), *cres.* (crescendo), and various dynamics indicated by numbers (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6) above or below the notes. Fingerings are also present. The music is signed 'F. Chopin.' at the top right.

cres.

f

dim.

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

riten.

a tempo.

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

cres.

Red. *Red.* * *Red.* * *Red.* *

più cres.

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

Red. * *Red.* * *Red.* *

f.

Red. * *Red.*

Sheet music for piano, page 10, featuring six staves of musical notation. The music is in 2/4 time and consists of six staves of piano music. The dynamics and performance instructions include:

- Staff 1: *ff*, *243*, *2*, *3*, *4*, *5*, *dim.*, *3*, *5*, *poco rit.*, *34*.
- Staff 2: *f*, *2*, *3*, *4*, *5*, *dim.*, *3*, *4*, *5*.
- Staff 3: *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*.
- Staff 4: *Red.*, *Red.*, ***, *Red.*, ***, *Red.*, *Red.*.
- Staff 5: *Red.*, *Red.*, ***, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*.
- Staff 6: *Red.*, *Red.*, ***, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*, *Red.*.

The music is marked *a tempo.* at the beginning of the second section and *poco rit.* at the end of the first section. The page number 10 is located in the bottom right corner of the page.

poco più mosso del primo tempo.

Presto.

pp

cres.

cres.

dim.

f

f

dim.

f

17

Sheet music for piano, featuring six staves of musical notation. The music is in common time and consists of six measures per staff. The notation includes treble and bass staves, with various dynamics and performance instructions. The first staff starts with *pp* (pianissimo) and includes the instruction *riten.* (ritenando). The second staff begins with *p* (pianissimo). The third staff starts with *a tempo.* The fourth staff begins with *cres.* (crescendo). The fifth staff starts with *sf* (sforzando). The sixth staff starts with *sf* (sforzando) and includes the instruction *ottb.* (ottava bassa).

pp *riten.* *a tempo.*

p

cres.

sf *sf* *ottb.*

molto agitato.

ff cresc. ff ff ff ff

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

p cresc. f cresc. f f

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

legatissimo.

poco a poco dim. cresc. più p cresc.

Red. Red. Red. Red.

poco a poco più tranquillo.

pp cresc. cresc.

il canto un poco marcato.

or thus.

poco cres. p sf dim.

Red. Red. Red.

rit.

cresc. ff ff ff

Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red. Red.

LA HARPE EOLIENNE.

REVERIE.

W. Krüger, Op. 25.

Andante con moto. $\text{♩} = 69.$

Sheet music for 'La Harpe Eolienne' by W. Krüger, Op. 25. The music is for harp and piano, featuring five staves of music with various dynamics, fingerings, and performance instructions like 'rit.', 'a tempo.', 'semplice.', and 'graziosamente.' The piano part includes bass and treble staves with pedaling instructions like 'Ped.' and 'Ped. *'.

a tempo.

p *a tempo.*

f *cres.*

f *semper.*

Con grandezza e brio.

ff *e ritemuto.*

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of 12 staves. The music is in 2/4 time and includes various dynamics such as *p*, *pp*, *ff*, *f*, *dim*, *roll*, *a tempo*, and *cres.* Fingerings are indicated by numbers above the keys. Performance instructions like "piu mosso" and "125" are also present. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and the staves are separated by horizontal lines.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of 12 staves. The music is in common time and uses a treble and bass clef. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The music is divided into sections by measure numbers and various performance instructions:

- Measures 1-7: The music consists of six staves of sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 7 ends with a fermata over the bass staff, followed by the instruction "ad lib." and a dynamic of *ff*.
- Measures 8-13: The music continues with six staves of sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 11 is labeled "quasi cadence." and measure 12 is labeled "dim e rall."
- Measures 14-19: The music consists of six staves of sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 15 is labeled "a tempo."
- Measures 20-25: The music consists of six staves of sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 21 is labeled "mf".
- Measures 26-31: The music consists of six staves of sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 27 is labeled "poco" and measure 29 is labeled "morendo."
- Measures 32-37: The music consists of six staves of sixteenth-note patterns. Measure 33 is labeled "26".

 The music is annotated with various numbers (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37) and letters (e.g., a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z) placed above and below the notes, likely indicating fingerings or specific playing techniques.

SCHERZO CELEBRE.

Joseph Haydn.

Allegro vivace $\text{C}.$ - 80.

The sheet music consists of five staves of musical notation for piano, arranged in two systems. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The tempo is marked *Allegro vivace* with a $\text{C}.$ symbol and a value of 80. The second system begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The music is annotated with various dynamics including *p*, *cres.*, *f*, *dimin.*, *pp*, *molto dolce.*, and *piu dimin.*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as $5\ 4\ 2$ and $1\ 2\ 3$. The music concludes with a final dynamic of *pp*.

TRIO.

p dolce e leggiero.

molto dim. *frisoluto.* *p*

f *molto dim.*

CODA.

From here go back ⁴ to beginning and play to ⁴ \$ without repeating the parts, then pass to CODA.

THOU ART ALL TO ME.

SERENADE.

Poem by Minnie Gilmore.

Music by E. R. Kroeger

Andante con Tenerezza. ♩ = 88.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two staves are for the piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are in soprano range, and the piano part includes harmonic and rhythmic support. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words written above the notes and others below. The score is divided into sections by dynamic markings and tempo changes.

Slum-bers the sun in the twi - light west,

Lamb in the fold, and bird in the nest. Slumberest thou, O love lovli-est! While I woo thee,

while I woo thee, Star smiles to star in the sky's a - byss, And pul-sing, paling, with might of bliss, The

blue sea drinks of the moon's white kiss. Wilt thou kiss me? wilt thou kiss me?

dim e rit.

dim e rit.

Con tristezza.

mp *sf* *mf*

A - long the sweep of the dark mo - rass Where gentle winds on link'd pin - ions pass,

mf *mf*

There sounds the sigh of the lone - ly grass. I sigh for thee. I sigh for thee.

quasi recit.

Across the hush of the aspen vale There echoes plaint of a nightingale Whose fickle mate his

con molto espressione.

love does fail. Wilt thou fail me!

mf *espresso* *rit.*

Whose heart is pure as the an- - gels are; Who art all, all, — sun,

song and star To me, to me! To me, to me!

dim e rit.

GIPSY QUEEN.

GAVOTTE - CAPRICE.

Henry Van Gerhart.

Moderato ♩ - 132.

Risolute.

Sheet music for piano, featuring five staves of musical notation. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes various dynamics (e.g., *f*, *p*, *ten.*, *ih. rit.*, *a-tempo.*, *eres.*) and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5). The music is divided into sections by measures and includes performance instructions like *Con gusto.* and *Red.*

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Con agilità.

8

15

dolce.

rit.

a tempo.

52

A piano score page showing a melodic line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The treble clef line consists of eighth and sixteenth notes with various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6) and grace notes. The bass clef line features sustained notes with dynamic markings like 'cres.' and 'p'. The page is numbered 5 at the top right.

Scherzando.

Sheet music for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom is in bass clef. The music includes various dynamics like *rit.*, *a tempo.*, *accel.*, and *Presto.* with corresponding tempo markings. Fingerings are indicated above the notes. The score consists of eight staves of music, with the first two staves shown on the left and the last six on the right. The music is in common time and includes a section marked *Con anima.* with a dynamic *f*.

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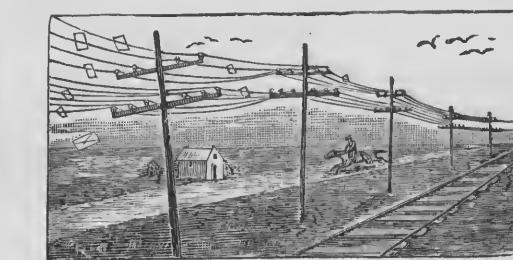
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CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, July 19th, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.—At last the season is quite dead. Having watched faithfully at its bedside, and cared for its last moments, and seen it buried, I started for the seashore. Block Island was my objective point and after a short stay at Newport, I arrived at the Sandy Isle in the middle of the sea about which Whittier has sung in such a masterly strain.

At this place I found Dr. Tourjée, the director of the New England Conservatory, who is recovering famously from a recent illness. He is here with his amiable wife taking a season of entire rest, a thing which is very unusual for a man of his active mind. Together we took various drives around the attractive island, and its miles of wondrous beach. Wrecks were on every side, and vestiges of wrecks, for the island is one of the most dangerous in the path of navigation. It was cool and delightful at the great Ocean View Hotel with its tremendous length of piazza, and even during the fiercest days of heat in Boston the thermometer kept reputably among the lower figures. But when I came back to Boston to work out a series of lectures for 1888, I found it warm enough "to melt a heart of stone," and flew at once to Music Hall where music and beer are kept on ice even during the summer months. To judge by the appearance of the hall on a hot evening the musical season is not yet dead after all. Herr Neuendorff with fifty good musicians gives a series of programmes that go from "grave to gay, from lively to severe" with astounding rapidity. Strauss, Meyerbeer, Wagner and Beethoven are mingled in the strangest companionship, and the public mingles them all with beer, and wine cobs, and cheese sandwiches in an alarming manner.

Herr Neuendorff is a very hearty conductor and has much more vigor than Mr. Gericke, but less refinement and shading, which after all would be misplaced in a summer garden concert. For my own part I have too much reverence for Wagner to care to hear him sandwiched in between a Strauss waltz and a Miehelin March, and I do not desire to have Beethoven accompanied by the clinking of beer glasses either. But I enjoy a Meyerbeer March, or a Gounod pot-pourri, or a Sullivan selection under such circumstances greatly, and Herr Neuendorff and Mr. Ellis, the manager, are to be cordially thanked for elevating the standard of our summer music.

I had almost forgotten to speak of the finale of the musical season proper, the closing exercises of the New England Conservatory. The most pleasant of all to attend, was the annual reunion of the Alumni of the Conservatory, at which there was banqueting and hilarity and good fellowship galore.

Mr. S. A. Emery was the toastmaster, and although the principles of the conservatory prohibited any champagne with the toasts the introductions were none the less happy, and the speeches were bright and enjoyable. Hon. Rufus G. Frost gave a glowing account of the condition of the Conservatory, and Rev. J. G. Switzer, the secretary of the institution, gladdened the hearts of the earnest teachers by detailing what had been done in raising the standard of examinations and showing that the striving of the conservatory was not wholly after quantity, but that quality was also its desideratum. The absence of Dr. Tourjée, who had been quite ill, but was nearly in health again, was much deplored, and he was remembered in all the speeches.

Miss Ludlow, Miss Metcalf (of the Alumni), Dean Huntington (of Boston University) and Rev. Dr. Duryea were among the speakers, and Mr. Louis C. Elson composed the words and music of a "Song of the Teachers" for the occasion, and sang it himself. It began

To-night we meet as human creatures,
Not as a band of music teachers,
We leave the music teaching yoke,
And come down here to chat and joke,

from which its spirit can be judged.

The Conservatory, by the way, has just added two important names to the teaching faculty. Mr. W. Wangh Lauder leaves Canada, and becomes a piano teacher there. He is a famous musician and fine pianist. Herr Emil Mahr, the famous violinist, concert master with Henschel and Richter, one of the Bavreuth orchestra, and every way a thorough exponent of the solid school of Joachim, is also to join the ranks. He will do much to counteract the showy style which captures so many young musicians and his advent is hailed with the liveliest satisfaction by

COMES.

MICHIGAN.

JACKSON, MICH., July 2, 1887.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW.—I am a fortunate fellow generally, or at least would be had I been "born rich instead of handsome," but I am fortunate specifically because the Fates sent me in the neighborhood of this place just about the time when the Michigan Music Teachers' Association was to hold its first annual meeting. You know this is a live State and one that believes in education—witness its great University—and I suppose that is one reason why KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW has so many readers here.

Mr. F. H. Pease of Ypsilanti filled the office of President with dignity and energy, while Mr. F. L. Abel of Detroit, was a model Secretary. A lady who is a lady, Mrs. Kate M. Kedzie, of Lansing was the Treasurer. These officers were ably seconded in their efforts by the members of the several committees, among whom may be specially mentioned the Messrs. Cady of Ann Arbor and Swezey of Jackson.

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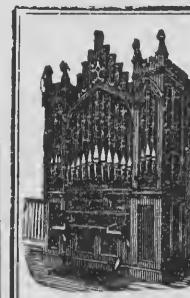
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This being a first meeting, the programme committee wisely gave to the occasion somewhat the turn of a music festival—the essays not being numerous. The principal papers were one on "The Importance of Music in the Public Schools," by Miss Emma A. Thomas of Detroit, and one on "Rudimental Instruction in Pianoforte Playing," by Mr. J. H. Simonds of Pontiac. Both papers were thoughtful and brought out interesting and instructive discussions of their respective topics. The organ concert at the First Baptist Church was very fine and was participated in by Messrs. York, of Ann Arbor, J. C. Batchelder, Joseph Kitchen and F. A. Dunster of Detroit as organists, while Miss Andrews and Mrs. Brush of Detroit furnished a couple of vocal numbers. This concert took place in the afternoon and was followed in the evening by a miscellaneous concert. The same order was followed the next day, two excellent concerts being given, one in the afternoon, the other at night. The list of the composers represented will show that the concerts did not lack in variety. They were, Abt, Astholtz, Bach, Beethoven, Blumenthal, Campbell, Chadwick, Caracciola, Chopin, Cowen, Dykes, De Bériot, Gounod, Hahn, Handel, Hatton, Haydn, Jüdc, Kücken, Lassen, Liszt, Löhr, Mason, Merkel, Mendelssohn, Moszkowski, Rubinstein, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, Thielic, Weber and Zöllner. The different numbers of these varied programmes were rendered by *Mesdames* Andrews, Beebe, Bellows, Brush, Clemelli, Caruthers, Champion, Gilette, Hayes, Jacobs, Linn, Metcalf, Pease, Stearns, Smith, Thomas, Tilden and Wiley, and by *Messieurs* Batchelder, Beresford, Cady, Dunster, Fayram, Hahn, Kitchen, Pease, Simonds, Slocum, Seyler, and York.

Detailed criticism would be out of place and would but meagerly interest your readers. Suffice it to say that everything was well done and the meeting was a success. The Michigan M. T. A. has a bright future of usefulness, and an energetic membership that will give it a place near the top of the list of State Associations.

C. T. S.

THE OLD SINGING SCHOOL.

IR. C. M. CADY, of the once famous firm of Root and Cady, thus describes the "Musical Conventions" which he held in the grand old State of Illinois, from 1854 to 1866, in a letter to Mr. Matthews, which the latter read as a part of his address on the History of Music in Illinois, at the recent Illinois State Music Teachers' Convention. It makes interesting reading.

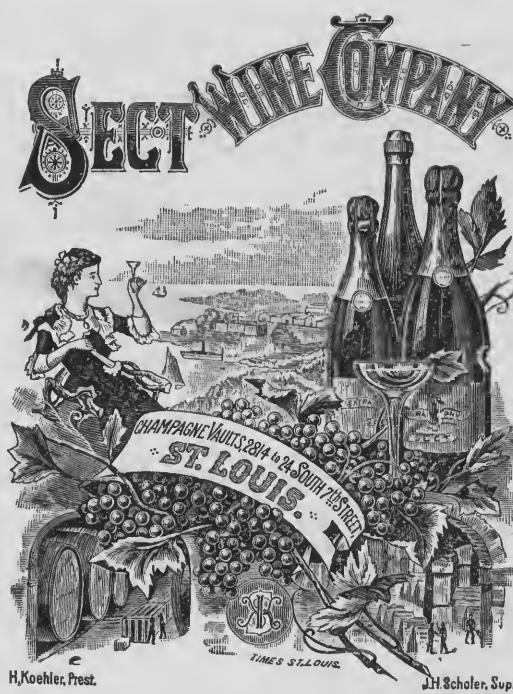
"If I were to describe the musical conventions I held in Illinois from 1854 to 1866, I should have to say that you music doctors, with all your modern high art, can not begin to get up the same *éclat* on so small a capital. Listen to the Mocking Bird, with piccolo or flute accompaniment, was simply irresistible; but my *pièce de résistance* was the 'Marseillaise Hymn,' sung by the whole convention, with a bass drum and Turkish cymbals accompaniment. Then the men not only tore up the benches, but stood upon them and yelled.

"Ask my old partner, Mr. E. T. Root, about a convention he and I held in the fall of 1858, in a lone country church five or six miles south of Peru or LaSalle, I have forgotten which. It had been raining ten weeks steadily, and the black prairie mud was seventy-four inches deep by actual measurement. It continued to rain all through the convention, and the nights were darker than tar. It was no village with sidewalks. People had to come miles from the surrounding country, in their open farm-wagons, with umbrellas and saturated wraps. Bless the dear women, and rosy-cheeked girls! I see them now, troup ing into that convention by scores, dripping with rain and splashed to the eyebrows with Illinois' sacred soil. Oh, you classical modern ducks! You don't know anything about musical enthusiasm.

The best choirs in Chicago in those days were quartet choirs. On the southwest corner of Washington and Clark streets, where the Chicago opera house now stands, stood the First Presbyterian Church. In the small gallery opposite the pulpit, Mrs. Fassett, in her golden-haired beauty, sang soprano and played the old-fashioned melodeon, her husband singing tenor, and others, changing with the years, sang alto and bass. In the Second Presbyterian Church (the tar-stone church), on the northeast corner of Washington street and Wabash avenue, in the high gallery back of the pulpit, sang Mrs. Mattison, alto, Charlie Severance, tenor, the superb Johnson, now of New York, bass, and later the not less superb Jules Lombard, with various sopranos.

"In these years I had charge of a chorus choir in the First Congregational Church on West Washington and Green streets. We sang an opening anthem or so at each service, but in the main aimed only at leading the congregation in hymns and chants of the day.

"When I settled in Chicago with my wife and baby, in the fall of 1856, I found no musical society there. With the aid of others I organized and conducted the Chicago Musical Union. After giving various miscellaneous concerts, we produced in the early part of 1858, Haydn's 'Creation,' the first oratorio ever produced in Chicago, and the following year Handel's 'Messiah.' The principal



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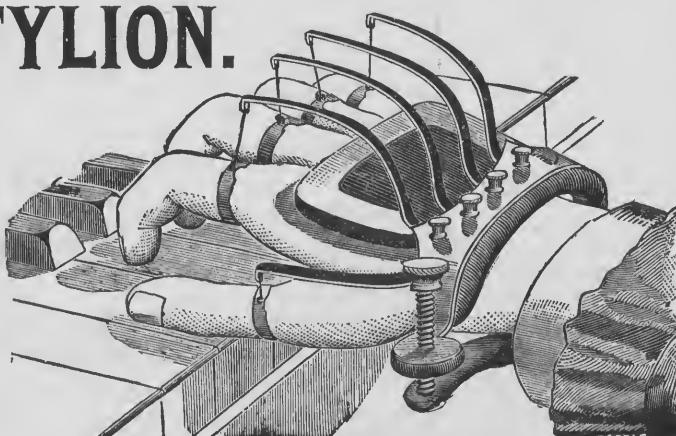
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soloists in these oratorios were Mrs. Botswick then of Chicago, Mrs. J. H. Long of Boston, Mr. Simpson of New York, Mrs. Mattison and Jules Lombard of Chicago. The best I could do then was to get together from sixty to seventy-five in the chorus, and from sixteen to eighteen pieces in the orchestras. Shades of Theodore Thomas! If you do not believe that there was an orchestra, ask A. J. Vaas, if he is still in the land of the living. Bassoons, oboes, and kettle drums were not attainable, and the substitutions we had to make out of the instruments we had, in order to 'carry the parts,' I leave you to imagine. The players upon instruments were all artists in the dance, the march, and the lager beer garden, but when it came to the sacred conceptions of a Handel, they were a great ways off. Some when I first began to unite them to the chorus, would start at a double quick, and others at a double slow; and the effort to compress the whole eighteen into one measure I found very fatiguing. However, when it came to that historical first public performance, I conducted in first-class white kids, the crammed Metropolitan hall was enthusiastic, and the astute critics of those days filled the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Democratic Press*, and the *Evening Journal* with columns of praise. I know because I wrote some of them myself. Then, too, to replenish our exchequer when it got low, the Musical Union got up some of the biggest steamboat excursions to Racine and other lake ports that the upper lakes had ever witnessed. The last one was to St. Joseph, Mich., in September, 1860, after peaches. One steamer would not suffice to take the crowd, so I engaged another, 'the keel of both inlaid with diamonds,' as Harry Smith happily expressed it. They were both crowded to the gunwales, and as they steamed out upon the sparkling lake with flags flying, bands playing, and the gay crowd cheering, never was there a prettier sight. Alas, in an hour a northeast wind was blowing—but let us drop the curtain! You may ask what this has to do with music? A good deal to do with music in the minor key. They asked the next day 'who planned that dod-blasted excursion to St. Joe?' Then I found useful the *lunga pausa* and kept dark. Afterward, under Hans Balatka the society gave 'Elijah,' 'Stabat Mater,' the 'Czar and Zimmermann,' with new scenery. This last effort ran it hopelessly in debt, and it went to pieces and made room for musical societies in Chicago of greater fame and more endurance.

"I will relate one more incident which has a bearing upon the question: 'Can everybody learn to sing?' From the organization of the Normal University in Bloomington in 1857 to 1860, when I became immersed in business, I used to go there once a week and teach the pupils singing. When they numbered about one hundred, I found there twelve of them full grown men and women who could not sing two tones of the scale. I drilled them separately and determined to test the question. I drilled them on *do*, and on *do re, re do* till they got those two tones. Then I worked away on three tones for hours, on *do re mi*, and wrote out little melodies using only these three tones, till finally they could sing Tallis chant pretty correctly. And so I led them on, tone by tone, slowly until I demonstrated to their satisfaction and my own that everybody who can imitate the speaking voice, can with patience learn to sing. (There is still one question unsettled: Can everybody learn to like the singing these will make?)

"If you can not now get up the enthusiasm that we used to do, on so small capital, I think it very likely that the popular ear has so far become accustomed to the tones of the scale that it would now be impossible in any assembly of young people, to find twelve out of a hundred who could not sing two tones of the scale. Let 1857 therefore take off its hat to 1887, though the latter may not be able to tear up the benches with the *Marseillaise* hymn."

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

North's Musical Journal publishes as its own one of our editorials of some years ago, entitled "Influence of Music on Manners." It would read no worse if its origin were acknowledged.

HERR MERZ, of *Brainard's World*, has survived the *sauerkraut* nightmare, whose dire effects were seen in his "Musical and Literary Review of Nations," which has run through several issues of the *World*. He is convalescent, and it is thought he will very soon be able to converse and write rationally. We hope the summer's heat will not cause a relapse.

STRENGTH OF VOICE.—It is often difficult to decide whether a voice possesses sufficient volume to be serviceable in the concert-room or theatre; some voices in a small room seem not to possess any great volume, in a larger space, where they can vibrate more freely, are barely recognizable, whilst many voices which in a small room are overpowering, in the theatre or concert-room are next to inaudible, especially if accompanied by an orchestra. For this reason, where an individual's future is at stake, a hasty judgment ought not to suffice; a time of probation should be insisted on, during which the master can judge whether the voice is strong enough to bear the strain of necessary study, and whether the student has sufficient aptitude to make a singer.—*Mr. Santley at the Musical Association.*

In a rural district in the Nutmeg State, the sturdy farmers of the Roman Catholic tendency have just completed a neat and tasteful temple, which has recently been consecrated, to their great gratification, with all necessary rites and ceremonies. On the Sunday preceding the consecration the good priest, after mass had been celebrated, announced to his people that on the next Sabbath the choir from a church in a neighboring town would be present and sing Farmer's Mass in B flat. What was his amazement, as he was retiring from the church, to be confronted by his parishioners in an angry mood and declaring that if they were farmers, they proposed to have just as good a mass sung as anybody, and that a mass written for farmers would not do. Peace soon followed when they were told that the mass took its title from Henry Farmer, the composer.

WHEN a mere child, Boëldicu, the composer of "La Dame Blanche," was extremely charitable, and the six *sous* given him by his father every week for spending money were usually lavished on others rather than on himself.

One Sunday morning, when about to return home after hearing mass in the Cathedral at Rouen, he found at the church door an old beggar whose appearance indicated such extreme poverty that, without a moment's hesitation, he placed in the pauper's hand his entire week's pocket-money. "My little friend," said the aged beggar, in a prophetic tone, "what you have just given me will bring you good fortune. Every time you are lucky, think of me."

And later, when he had become famous, the composer never forgot the beggar of Rouen.

When a new opera succeeded, he always repeated to himself the cabalistic words whose meaning—beside himself—only his most intimate friends understood: "My six sous!"

IN the year 1871, Mr. Waldauer opened his conservatory, the "Beethoven." Sixteen years of success have made the Beethoven Conservatory a household word in St. Louis and throughout the West. Sixteen years of experience have enabled the Principal to know just what is wanted and to surround himself with the best of teaching talents. Mr. Waldauer and eleven others (twelve apostles of music), among whom we note the well-known names of Marcus Epstein, Louis Mayer, Laurent Brun and Misses Strong and McEwing constitute the faculty of instruction for the coming year. Only one change has been made in the heads of the departments. The vocal instruction will be under the general direction and personal supervision of Mrs. Ysadora E. Clarke, late of New York City. Mrs. Clarke's reputation as an oratorio and concert singer, as well as a teacher of vocal music, is a pledge of good work in her department. Prof. Waldauer, who has probably brought out more distinguished violinists than any other teacher in the West, will continue at the head of the violin department, while Mr. Epstein, known to our readers as the author of some excellent compositions that have appeared in this paper, will conduct the piano department and lead the classes in harmony. Address Mr. A. Waldauer, at 1603 Olive St., for circulars.

A NEW opera bouffe in Paris is entitled "La Gamine de Paris." Hercules and Celina have eloped; the relatives of the latter wished her to wed Prince Acacias, but she was true to her secret love, and their flight is only interrupted at the temple, where they endeavor to sell some jewels. The gamine has started off on her own wedding day, but the trials and tears of the young couple so interest her that she leaves her groom, parents and friends, and rushes off in her own Quixotic, impulsive way to fix things up for them. There is no reason for her interference, and the author attributes it to the fact of her being the gamine of Paris—all heart and no head. She goes anyway to confront the lion in his den, and the lion is a she—the right royal Baroness Tepida de la Roche-aux-Movettes. She has an endless tale of woe, which she undertakes to tell in the intervals of the arrival of guests for the lady is giving a ball, during which the gamine offers her the surprise party. During this act the legitimate baron, who has been brought home in a feeling condition by the police, turns the play and jest of song upon his pursuers, when the recognition of his indignant wife makes his identity clear. Gamine, to come to the ball, has borrowed a fine old silken gown from a second-hand clothes dealer, and it turns out to be some discarded finery of the baroness, sold by her maid, and in the pockets are some compromising letters, and the surprised lady is thus obliged to give a reluctant consent to the marriage of her niece Celina to the beloved Hercules.

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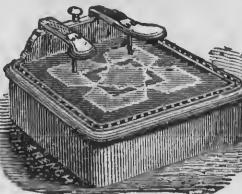
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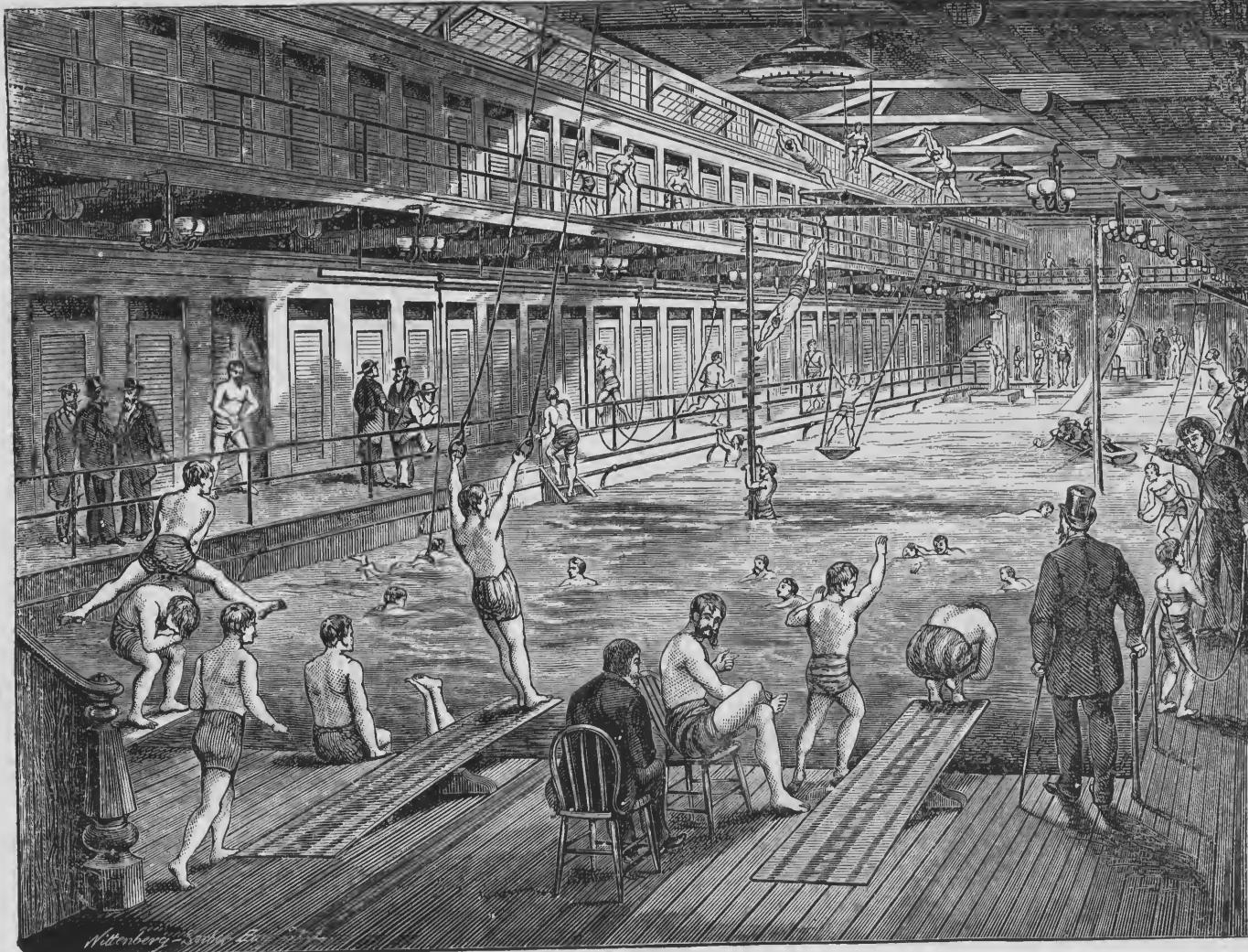
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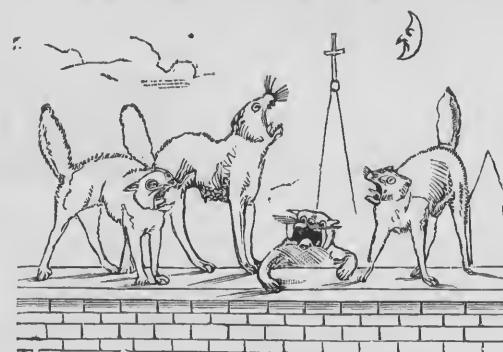
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THEY say the German cavalry is quite hoss-style to the infantry.

"PA, what does 'broth of a boy' mean?"
"The theatrical supe, I suppose!"

I DON'T care how much people talk, if they will only say it in a few words.—Billings.

SELF-POSSESSION in a young woman is well enough for awhile, but she shouldnt keep it up too long.—Puck.

"ALWAYS aim a little higher than the mark," says an exchange. What! Kiss a girl on the nose? Never!

CHINA and Japan buy our dried apples freely. Thus does Ameriean industry help to swell the population of the Orient.

POE never sat on the balcony of a seaside hotel in August, or he would have written it "The chin-chin-abulation of the belles."

"OH, what bird is that? I have just joined the Audubon Society, and am so interested in bird calls."
"That's our goat."

A LYRE five feet high has been found by Dr. Schlieman. We have bigger lyres in this country, but they are not spelled that way.—Norristown Herald.

YOUNG Wife—"I wonder the birds don't come here any more! I used to throw them lots of cake I made, and—"
Young Husband—"That accounts for it."

JOE McCULLAGH, of the *Globe-Democrat*, is not much of a musician. If he had a hand-organ set to play "Old Hundred," he could not turn the crank to make it play more than seven-up.

At the Ball. Grace (whispering)—"What lovely boots your partner has got, Mary."
Mary (ditto)—"Yes; unfortunately, he shines at the wrong eud."—California Advertiser.

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Purchaser—"Oh, Mercy! No. What's the use of sending t away off there? Have it bound in Boston."

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR (reading message)—"What's this?
'Will marry you whenever you wish.'"
Aged Spinster—"Yes; do you think it too forward? It's my first offer, and I'm afraid he'll get away."

"I KNOW sweet songs I cannot sing" says a poem published in one of the late magazines. The poem is unsigned, but we know the writer by his description of himself. He is the gentle tenor we heard trying to sing at a charity concert two weeks ago.

COMMENTATORS have inferred that Shakespear was a pretty good lawyer, from the fact that he used legal terms properly. Could it not be proved, in the same way, that he was also a pretty fair musician, since he makes Hamlet say: "The rest is silence"?

A YOUNG LADY entered Balmer's music store, the other day, and asked of the handsome clerk:

"Have you 'Happy Dreams'?"

"No, Miss," replied the latter, "these hot nights I'm nearly pestered to death with mosquitoes."

A BOSTON servant, like many of her class, does not know her age. She has lived with one family eleven years, and has always been twenty-eight. But not long ago she read in the newspaper of an old woman who had died at the age of one hundred and six. "Maybe I'm as ould as that meself," said she. "Indade, I can't remember the toime whin I wasn't alive."

"My dear fellow," said a sheriff to the prisoner, "I must apologize to you for the sanitary condition of this jail. Several of the prisoners are down with the measles, but I assure you that it is not my fault."

"Oh, no excuses," replies the prisoner; "it is my intention to break out as soon as possible any way."

A GENTLEMAN who had been in town only three days, but who had been paying attention to a prominent belle, wanted to propose, but was afraid he would be thought too hasty. He delicately broached the subject as follows:

"If I were to speak to you of marriage, after having only made your acquaintance three days ago, what would you say of it?"

"Well, I should say 'Never put off till to-morrow that which you should have done the day before yesterday.'"

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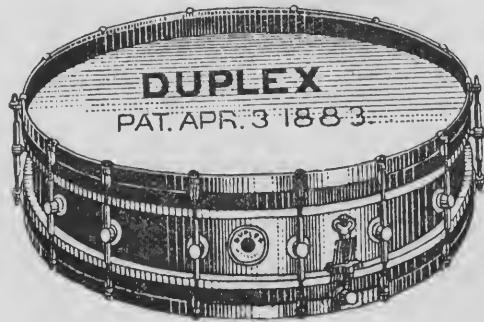
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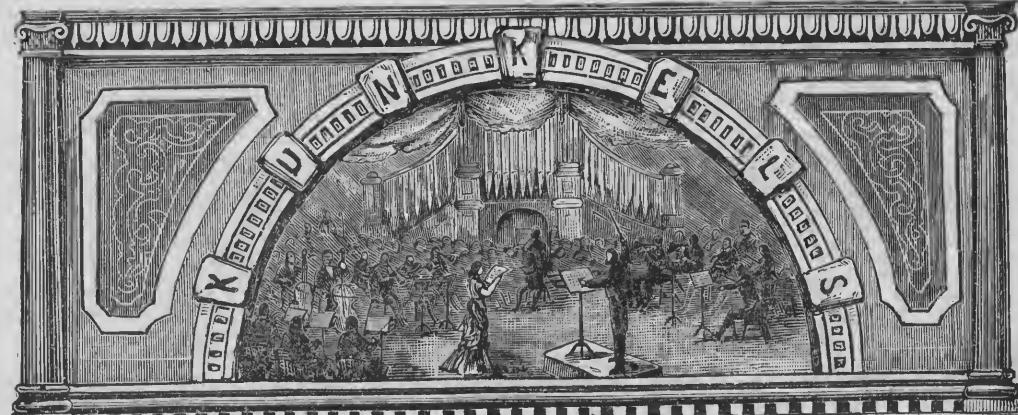
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Kunkel's Musical Review

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Rec'd 188 , of



\$ for one year's subscription to Kunkel's Musical Review, commencing with 188 , Ending with 188 .

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Kunkel Brothers

Agent.

THEY tell this on De Menil, of the *St. Louis Magazine*, but he says it's a "mistake":
De M.—"My dear, one of these agents was here to-day and made me buy some bed-bug powder."
Wife—"Why, Aleck, we've no bugs!"
De M.—"Is that so? But we can get some, can't we?"

MR. PROFESSOR (with sudden impulse to rich amateur tenor whom he has been accompanying in "Deeper and deeper still")—"Jake hants, my talentful yoong vrent! I haf neffer before heardt zat nople recidaeef zung zo vell to eggchbress ze vorts!"

R. A. T. (who occasionally sings a little out of tune)—"Ah, you flatter me, I fear!"

Mr. Professor—"Ach, no! Vy, you gommenced it, more or less, in B; you gondinued it zomewhere about B flat; and you vinish it almost in A! And all ze while I was blaying ze aggombaniment in C! Now, zat is 'Teeper and teeper shill,' and no mischdake! Jake hants!"

MINISTER of the Kirk—"I understand, deacon, that the church carpet is being ruined by the water from dripping umbrellas."

Elder Goode—"Yes, minister, and something has to be done."

Minister—"Why not have a rack in the vestibule, and leave the umbrellas there instead of carrying them to the seats?"

Elder—"I'm afraid it would spoil the solemnity of the benediction."

Minister—"You think so?"

Elder—"Yes, minister: everybody would want to be first out to get the best ones!"—*Scotch Chestnut*.

"A HOTEL dinin' room," remarked the head waiter, "is de place to study human natur' an' git p'ints. Animals shows wust at feedin' time. Human animals ain't no'ception. Sometimes when de feed's goin' round in a hotel dinin' room, a menagerie, on raw beef day, would mark second. A waitah knows who's who. It's people who haven't anythin' to home who make us mos' trouble. De man what gin' rally eats 15c. meals standin', an' de woman what keeps house on fo' dollars a week, make de refugy. We can't please 'em. By bully-raggin' de waitah dey try to make us b'lieve dey's somebody as is used to de fat ob de land. Dey is anxerous to show off to de oder fellahs. Dey growls at de steak like a bull terrier after a three-days' fast. Nothin' suits 'em."

Do BUT note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear, perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his natu e.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted.

—Shakespeare.

PRPOSTEROUS ass! That never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his duties or his usual pain?

—Shakespeare.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make dispair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

—Pope.